

FLEISCHER'S ANIMATED NEWS

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10 CENTS



The Editor Sez

The month of March, in these latitudes, is a rather busy and bustling month. Nature gets busy with her house cleaning. Snow blankets are taken off, trees and shrubs get a good shaking. The ice begins to melt, the snows are a bit more wet and do not last long. The pussy willow makes its appearance and the robin is not far behind. It is a month of extreme temperatures and high winds, and generally seems to be a month of confusion. But behind all this is Nature's preparatory work and the results will be seen in Spring and Summer blossoms.

March is well named, after the ancient Roman god of war, Mars. It is usually anything but a gentle month. In Roman mythology, Mars was originally regarded as an agricultural deity, and dedicated the first month of their year to this god. He was supposed to have been the father of the Roman people, and according to tradition, Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, were his sons.

Although March is considered the first month of Spring, the official Spring date isn't until the 21st. But even then, here in New York the overcoat and furs are still welcome.

March is a favorite month for presidents to be born in. There were four of them: James Madison, Andrew Jackson, John Tyler, and Grover Cleveland. The only other month in the year that surpasses March for presidential birthdays is November, with five. Then there is March 17th, St. Patrick's Day.

March is one of those inbetween months. It is too early for baseball. The winter sports are about done for. The intermaral sports have about finished their schedules. Spring fashions begin to break out and everyone is looking forward to balmy breezes and the end of ice and snow. Although March is a windy and blustery month, it is a welcome sight after the hard cold winter.

TINTYPES

by Roberta



Erich Schenk was born in Germany and if you think you can pronounce the name of the town, try saying Gautzsch bei Leipzig. He was the third child in a family of two brothers and a sister. Erich attended school in Leipzig. He also studied art and his animal drawings were so good that his teachers accused him of copying them. This was very discouraging to Erich. Before coming to the land of the free, Erich was a very successful commercial artist in his native land. Two of Erich's brothers lost their lives in the war and the day before Erich was called out to soldier, the war ended.

He came to the United States in 1928. For a while he worked in the Background Department at the Bray Studio and also did animating. In 1930 Erich came to the Fleischer clan. Erich is known for his unfailing good humor and even temper, in fact he has no temper at all. He is deeply interested in all the sciences and has a special leaning towards chemistry. He is very fond of all animals. In his apartment he has a canary and several tanks of tropical fish. Erich's other hobby is bowling.

Reading is also another favorite pastime. He is a tireless worker and a sound sleeper which is a good combination. He also snores. He weighs 185 pounds and says he hopes to make 200 before long. He has no favorite food and is a very light eater. He has a sweet tooth and goes for chocolate in a big way. Thinks nothing of drinking fifteen cups of coffee a day, at least he admits to that many, maybe there are more. Drinks three cupsful before retiring. He smokes about two packages of Salisbury cigarettes a day. No wonder he can't get that other 15 pounds weight.

Erich has been happily married a little over seven years. His parents still live in Germany. He is never moody and rather quiet, but is a good talker when he gets started. He is very modest of his accomplishments. He still retains enough of a German accent to lend charm to his speech. Erich's laugh is something no one should miss. It is one of those chuckles that builds up until he has the whole room laughing. He is intensely interested in his work as head of the Background Department and is always trying to improve the work. The transparent shadows and the transparent paint are the results of his experiments. He has a critical eye that never misses a detail. He is an immaculate dresser and favors blues and browns, these go well with his hazel eyes and brown hair.

Erich has one big irrepressible desire and that is to have his name on the bowling cup and still better to have it filled to the brim with steaming coffee.....
Prositi!

WHADA YUH
MEAN YOU SOCKED
THE KID TO STUDY
MOUTH
ACTION?



TENTYPES

by Roberta



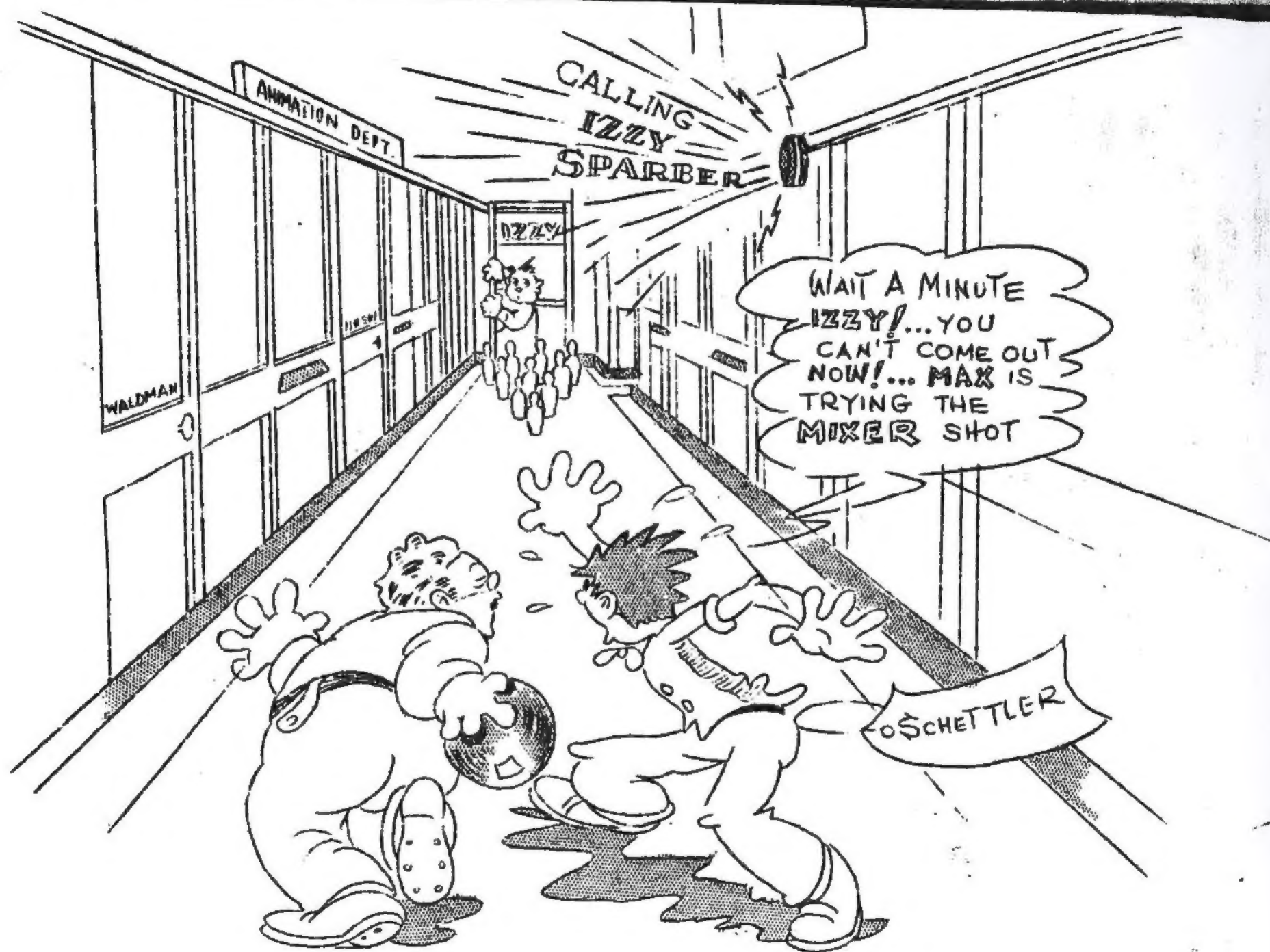
BEATRICE CYPERT was born in Redlands, Texas, where the soil is red as a turkey's comb. At the tender age of one, her folks took her to Springdale, Arkansas. From there the folks moved to Oklahoma, right into the late Will Roger's territory. She started school in Oklahoma and by the time she was nine years old had apparently learned all they had to offer, so moved to Santa Rosa, New Mexico. Then came moves to Albuquerque and Tucumcari, also in New Mexico. Perhaps the fastest move Beatrice ever made was when a bull chased her. She made for the safety side of a convenient fence, and reached for what she thought was her gun, but it was a bottle of hand lotion in her pocket. She didn't wait to find out what the effect of hand lotion would have on a bull. When she was 14 she went back to Texas and later came up to Colorado, where she finished school at the University at Boulder, Colorado.

Beatrice married quite young. She has a son Roy, who was born in Greeley, Colorado. Beatrice returned to Texas from Colorado and in 1930 decided to shake the dust of the west from her feet and come to New York. For a time she worked at Macy's and at Arnold Constables and from there she came to the Studio. This June she will have been here two years.

Her childhood ambition was to write and study art, and she was able to gratify both. Her poetry has been favorably reviewed by the London Poetry Society and some of it has been published in this country. She is fond of reading and hopes some day to be able to start collecting first editions. She studied metaphysics with Prof. Mobius and loves to discuss this or any other subject. Her pet peeve is people who fight at parties. Has a temper which she keeps under control. Is curious about the sciences, but not about people's business. Her favorite color is black. Has a poor memory for telephone numbers. While in Texas she won a prize in an art contest, in another she walked off with a \$250.00 radio and in another a fountain pen and pencil set, which she still has. She also won a silver mosh bag and her ability in ballroom dancing was rewarded first prize, while she was still in high school.

Beatrice likes all the breakfast foods, also a Manhattan cocktail, but not with the breakfast food. Philip Morris is tops in the smokes. She has an open mind which means she is reasonable in her opinions. Makes friends easily and has an infectious laugh. Claims she does not take a good picture. Tennis is her favorite sport. Would rather watch the game than play. Dislikes costume jewelry. Can sing Cowboy songs and strums a mandolin. Loves to dance to jazz music with that smouldering rhythm. Has added one inch to her height since coming East. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall and her top weight is 123 lbs. Has blond hair and blue eyes and mascaras her lashes. She used to be impulsive but has conquered the strain.

She has traveled from Canada to Mexico. When she was 19, she was head of a department in a Colorado department store. Beatrice is such an active girl, one would never think of her as ever sleeping, but she does and is a light sleeper. In winter she dresses for the occasion in a nice nightie but the summer is her favorite season.



HOT STUFF

Bluto called the devil on the telephone one day,
And the girl at central listened to all they had to say.
"Hello" she heard from Bluto's voice, "Is old man Satan home?
Tell him this is Bluto, that wants him on the 'phone".

The devil said "Hello" to Bluto, and Bluto said "How are you?
I'm having a little trouble here, please tell me what to do.
I like to raise a rumpus by punching guys about,
Or holding my bare knuckles against somebody's snout.

I like to strut before a crowd to show them that I'm tough,
Or make a play for Olive Oyl, then floor her with a cuff.
I'm a rootin' tootin' rough guy, with a tatoo on my chest,
And if you've seen my pictures, I guess you know the rest.

I could run things to suit me, but every little while,
A certain one-eyed sailor has got to cramp my style.
That's why I called you Satan, 'cause I want advice from you,
I know that you can tell me just what I ought to do."

"I'm sorry Mr. Bluto, there's not much for me to tell,
Popeye can make it hotter than I can for you in Hell.
That spinach eating sailor will knock you for a row.
And when he's through you'll only have one place left to go.

And when I see you coming, I'll have my place all set,
With all the home fires burning, what a welcome you will get!
I'll have your oven ready, and lots of coal in store,
'Cause Popeye is my favorite, don't call me anymore".

Sadie Klein.



The BOOK SHELF



Our library got off to a flying start and opened its doors March 2nd, and the interest that is being shown in the project is very gratifying. At the present writing we have approximately forty books. There were twelve books loaned from March 2nd to March 11th inclusive.

The most popular books so far are: "The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini", "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "Oil For The Lamps of China".

We are very grateful to the following donors for the books they so graciously contributed to the library: Max Fleischer, Fermin Rocker, Mera Rutchek, Mariana Butts, Robert Little, Ellen Jenssen, William Rolffs, Marian White, Beatrice Cypert, Betty Meininger, Lisel Howson, Helen Kirsch, Gilbert Fox, Pauline Kaufman, Ruth Lamney, Beatrice Davidoff and Mildred Figlozzi. Orchids to Joe Fleischer for the bookcase his department made.

We want to again remind you that those who use the books from the library, are not only contributing to their own enjoyment, but are helping the Studio Relief Fund. Books may be borrowed any lunch hour from the library. The rental fee is 10¢ for three days and 2¢ for each additional day that you have the book in your possession. The library is on the 8th floor. Until a librarian is definitely appointed, see Ellen Jenssen or Roberta Whitehead.

The library is grateful to anyone donating books. If any of you have a book or two you would like to give we will be more than glad to accept.

On the following page is a list of the library books:

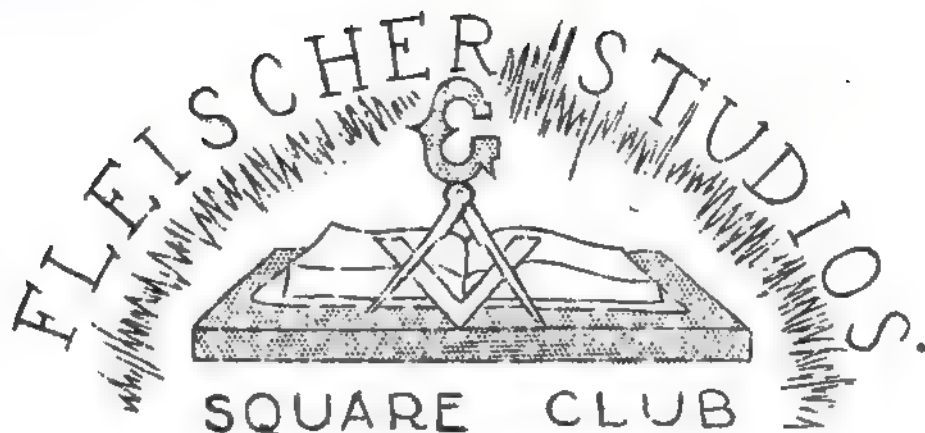
<u>TITLE</u>	<u>AUTHOR</u>
THE BLUE WINDOW	TEMPLE BAILEY
GLOWING EMERALDS	F. I. BENNETT
THE ROVER	JOSEPH CONRAD
VESTAL FIRE	COMPTON MACKENZIE
THE LITTLE GREY SHOE	PERCY BREBNER
CAPTAIN ARCHER'S DAUGHTER	MARGARET DELAND
BIRD LIFE AT THE POLE	WOLCOTT GIBBS
HIDE IN THE DARK	FRANCES NOYES HART
TAMERLANE	HAROLD LAMB
HORROR HOUSE	CAROLYN WELLS
BEAU SABREUR	P. C. WREN
READING CHARACTER BY HANDWRITING	HUGO VON HAGEN
BUSINESS THE CIVILIZER	EARNEST ELMO CALKINS
SO RED THE ROSE	STARK YOUNG
STORIES OF THE POPULAR OPERAS	H. A. GUERBER
THE REBEL BIRD	DIANA PATRICK
VIRTUOUS WIVES	OWEN JOHNSON
THE SECRET OF HIGH ELDERSHAM	MILES BURTON
GREY FACE	SAX ROHMER
THE MAESTRO MURDERS	FRANCES WEES
THE LION'S KIN	RAFAEL SABATINI
SOME PEOPLE WE MEET	CHARLES RIDEA
THE DOCTOR WHO HELD HANDS	HULBERT FOOTNER
THE TUNNEL MYSTERY	J. C. LENAHAAN
WHY MEN FIGHT	BERTRAND RUSSELL
AGAINST THE GRAIN	J. K. HUYSMANS
THE RIDDLE	WALTER DE LA MARE
TOWERS ALONG THE GRASS	ELLEN TAYLOR
MYSTERY REEF	HAROLD BINDLOSS
BLUE DEVIL OF FRANCE	CAPT. G. P. CAPART
HEARTS AFLAME	LOUISE WINTER
THE ANXIOUS DAYS	PHILIP GIBBS
EDGE OF THE JUNGLE	WM. BEEBE
RAFFERTY	WILLARD WIENER
CLAIRE AMELER	BOOTH TARKINGTON
RICH GIRL POOR GIRL	RUTH GROVES
TRADER HORN VOL. 2.	HORN AND LEWIS
FREAK SHOW	ANDREA SOBOL
BAT WING	SAX ROHMER
OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA	ALICE T. HOBART
THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE	J. M. CAIN
AND LIFE GOES ON	VICKI BAIM
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI	CELLINI
BELIEVE IT OR NOT	ROBERT RIPLEY

Screwed Facts

ROBT
ROSSNER



Dr. O. G. Moor-Arms — Scientist — Gives
to Animated Cartoons a so called —
Opaque-Man - Octopus - Who will 'cell' his
time for a living —



A group of studio members who are Masons met last week and formed the "Fleischer Studio" Square Club.

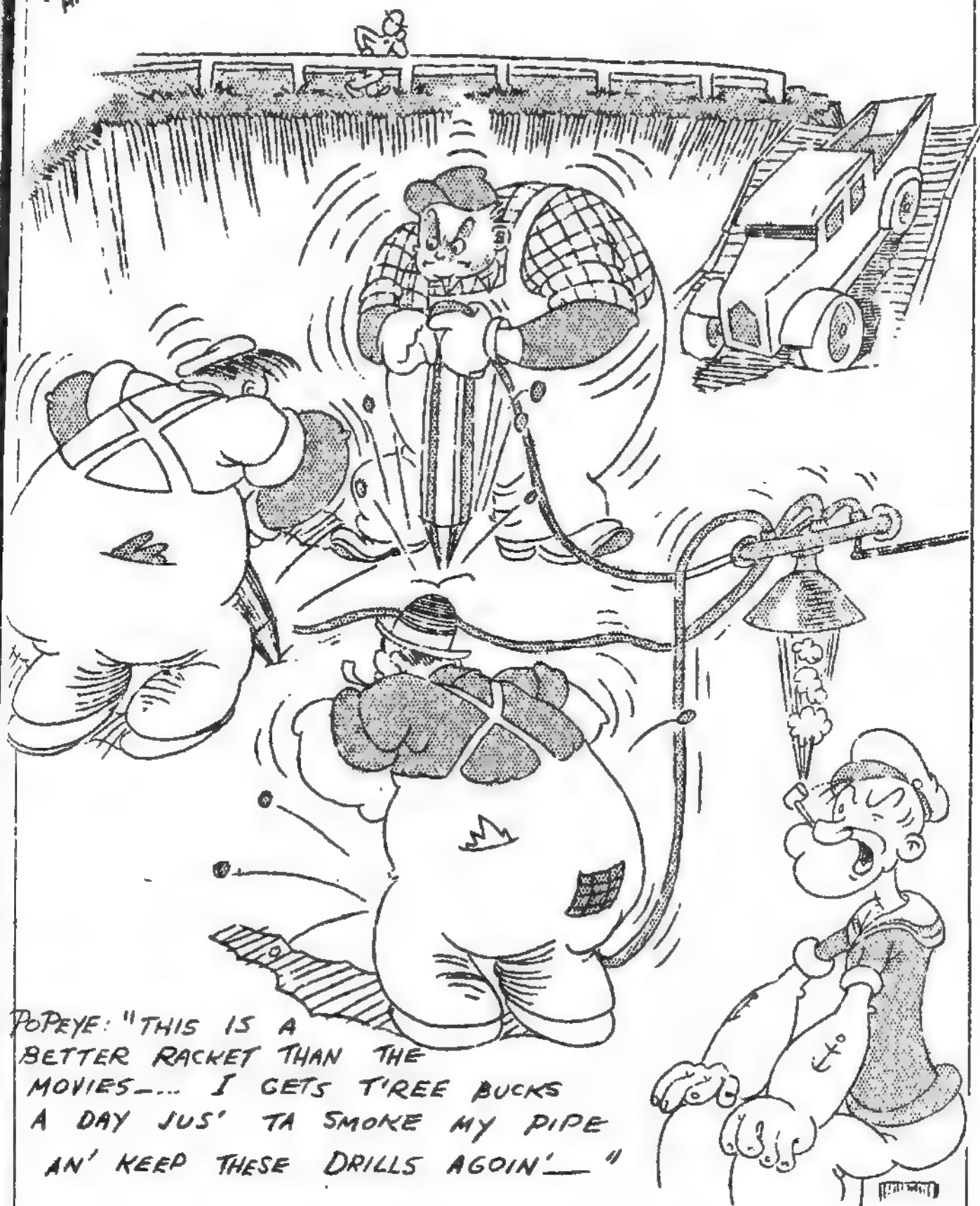
From time to time the Square Club will announce Masonic activities which may be of interest to Fleischer Studio members such as lectures, entertainments, parties, outings and dances, or any social affairs. For further information watch the Animated News.

The present list of Masonic members are:

Dave Fleischer
Charles Schettler
Harmon Randolph
Robert Haring
Joseph Fleischer

If you are a Mason and wish to join the Square Club send your name to Joe Fleischer.

GEORGE HILL
(THANK TO
MAL ROBBINS)



POPEYE: "THIS IS A
BETTER RACKET THAN THE
MOVIES.... I GETS T'REE BUCKS
A DAY JUS' TA SMOKE MY PIPE
AN' KEEP THESE DRILLS AGOIN'—"



On February 22nd Joe Stultz of our Story Department and Jessica Sherman were married. The nuptials took place at St. Nicholas Church on Fifth Avenue. It was a small wedding with Bill Turner in the role of best man. The wedding was not entirely a surprise as most of us knew Joe's plans. The newlyweds are living in New York and Mrs. Stultz has her hands full caring for three new puppies that have come to bless their home.

The entire Studio joins in wishing them (and the puppies) health, wealth and much happiness.

.....

On the same day, Graham Place and Mary Callis took the vow, to love, honor, etc. They were married in Long Island City at the Methodist Episcopal Church. The bride and groom have known one another a little over a year. Mrs. Place is an assistant buyer at Lord and Taylor's. In about two weeks they intend to make their home in Sunnyside, Long Island.

The best wishes from the Studio go to the happy couple.

SIDELIGHTS OF THE ELEVATOR STRIKE

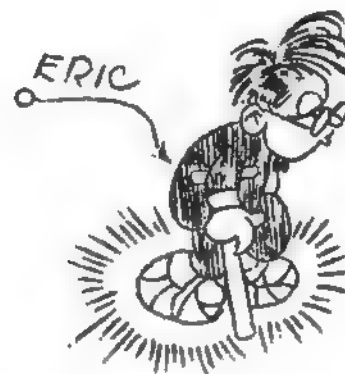
GEE, I NEVER SAW
SO MANY OPAQUERS

TRYING TO GET TO BE INKERS.... WITH ONLY
FIVE FLOORS TO CLIMB INSTEAD
OF EIGHT.....

BY WEASELDUSS KLEIN —
(SADIE'S LITTLE
BROTHER)

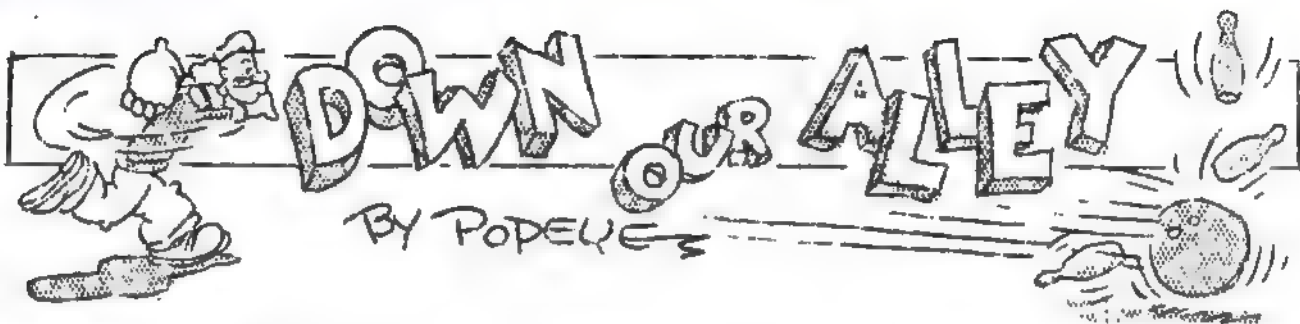


"FRANK'S A
GOOD GUY —
MEBBE HE'LL
TAKE ME INTO
HIS DEP'T.!"



THE CAMERA DEPT.
CARRIES ON —





Olive Oyl was supposed to appear in no column this Munt to give a female's viewpernt on bowlin', but pitcher work pervented her from doin' so. She promises to appear some time later in the future.

The results of the first Munt of bowlin' in the second half of the bowlin' season shows a big improvement over the first half. All the boys bowled better than they ever did before exceptin' Buchwald and Turner, who dropped a few pernts and Bowsky who stayed even.

Here's how they stand:

<u>PLAYER</u>	<u>GAMES</u>	<u>AVERAGE</u>
SCHETTLER	36	180
PAIKER	38	178
D. FLEISCHER	5	175
SPARBER	30	174
BOWSKY	28	163.60
M. FLEISCHER	50	163.03
GILMARTIN	38	162.23
L. FLEISCHER	38	162.13
KNEITEL	8	160
TURNER	57	157
BUCHWALD	24	155
SCHENK	38	151
STIMSON	27	135

he RAMBLING REPORTER

IF YOU COULD BE GRANTED A WISH WHAT WOULD IT BE?



Elizabeth Hirsch:
"For a bathroom like Dave's or a kitchen like Max's and a genuine Van Gogh and that's the truth. What a combination! P. S. The Van Gogh would be for my living room".



Lenard Kester:
"For my ambition to be fulfilled and my ambition is nothing out of the ordinary. I want to be a successful mural painter and when my wish is fulfilled, I'll let you know".



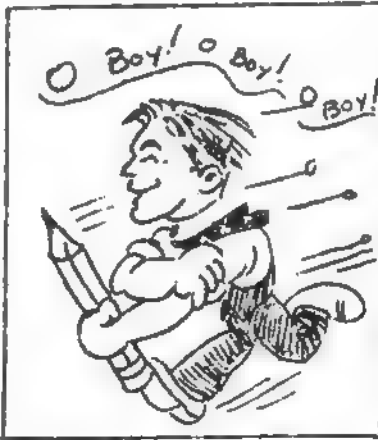
Bill Hines:
"If my wish was granted it would be to send Dave Tendlar to the beaches this summer and let him study figures. The figures he puts on his exposure sheets are driving me blind trying to read them".



Wanda Silvey:
"I'd wish that when I get married Dominic Campanella and Arthur Greerbaum would be honorary pall bearers. Also that I'd get a break when George Hill does those gosh awful caricatures".

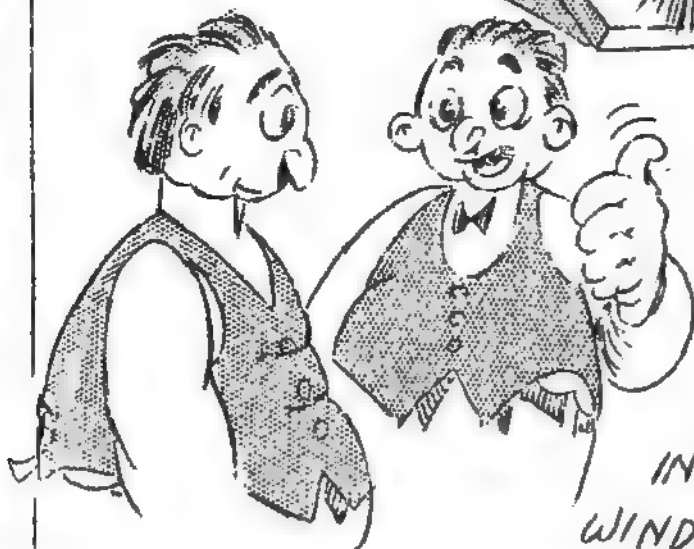
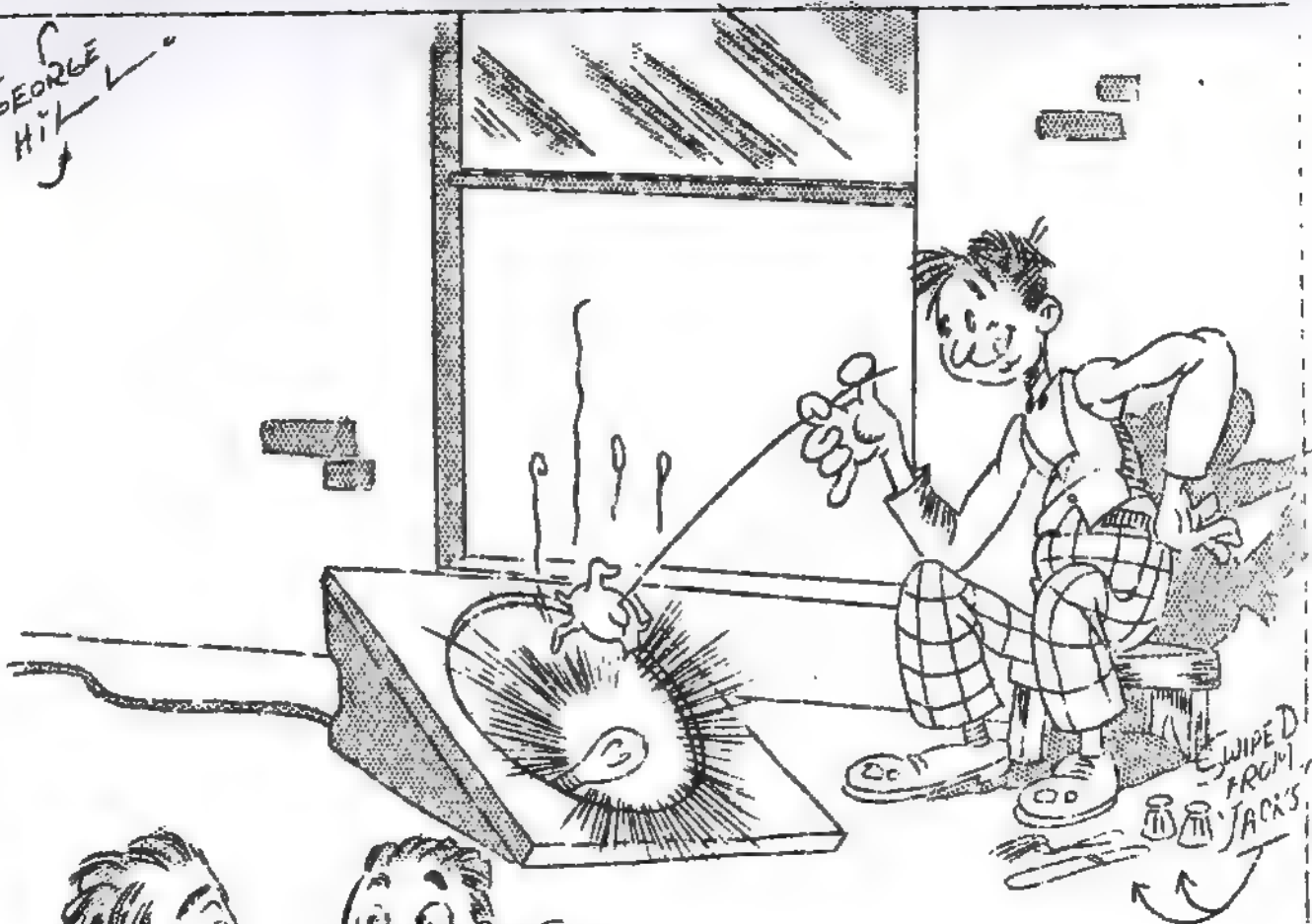


Frank Paiker:
"Due to Tuesday night's bowling I'd wish that Sunday came after Tuesday".



Willard Bowsky:
"I wish that some day I'll be given the ideal cartoon story and the office will say, 'T'all with the time limit and cost, make the best # \$ * ? & % picture you can".

GEORGE
HILL



"HE SAYS ANY PIGEON
SCREWY ENOUGH TO FLY
INTO AN OPAQUING DEPT.
WINDOW 48 HOURS BEFORE
THE OPAQUERS GET PAID
DESERVES TO GET EATEN!"

POETS

PAGE

AN OPEN LETTER ('SPECIALLY TO SADIE KLEIN).

Now all you guys that razzed me
And said my poems wore bad,
Can sit right down and chuckle
'Cause this should make you glad.

You see, I'll give up writin'
Tho' that's something I do hate,
So thanks to "Sadie Klein"
The competition is too great.

I know my poems are good tho'
Such modesty's divine,
I know you'll miss my writing, but
Find out who's "Sadie Klein".

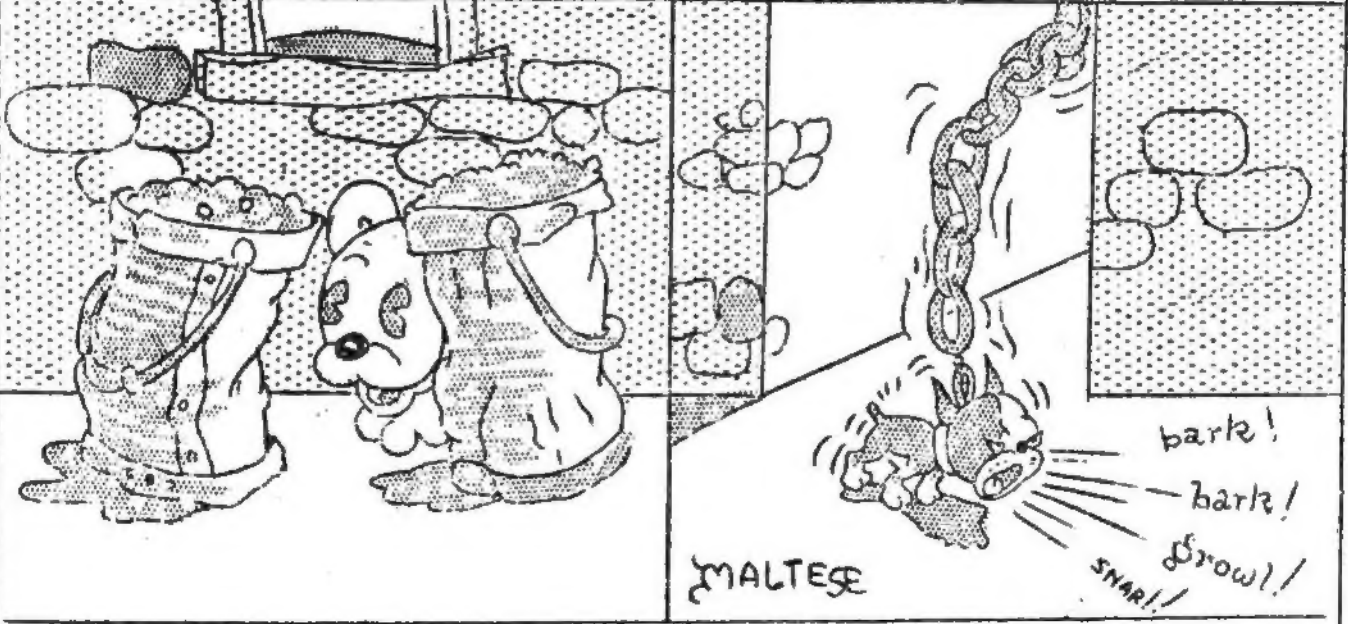
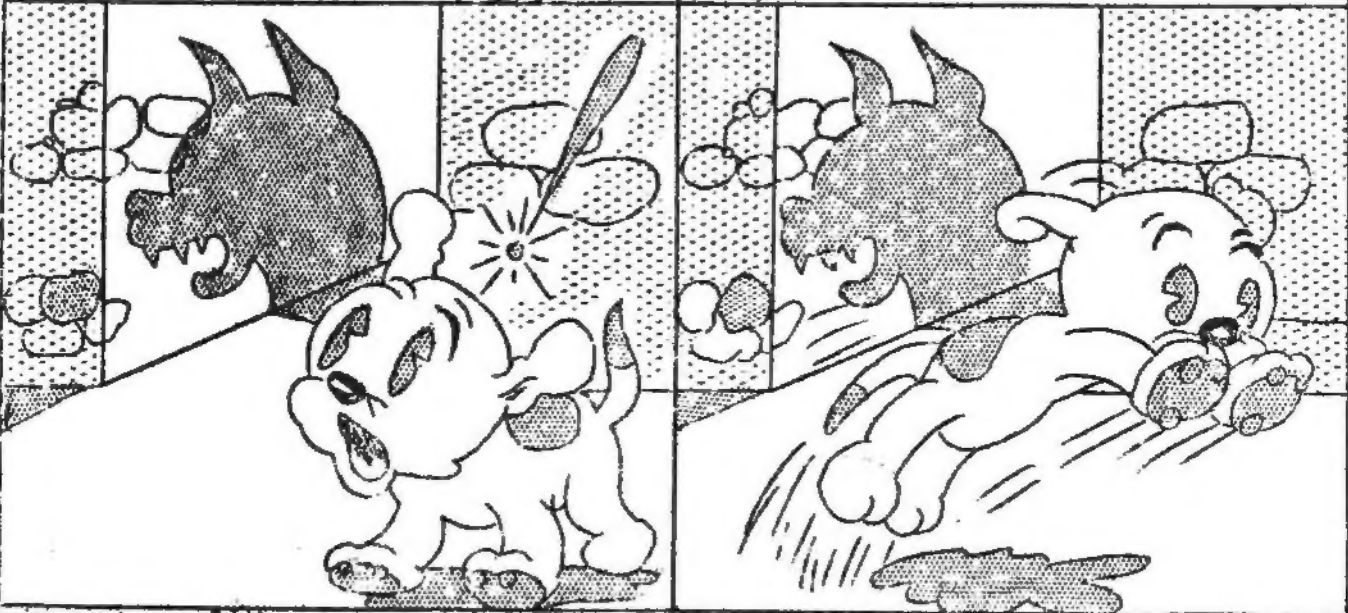
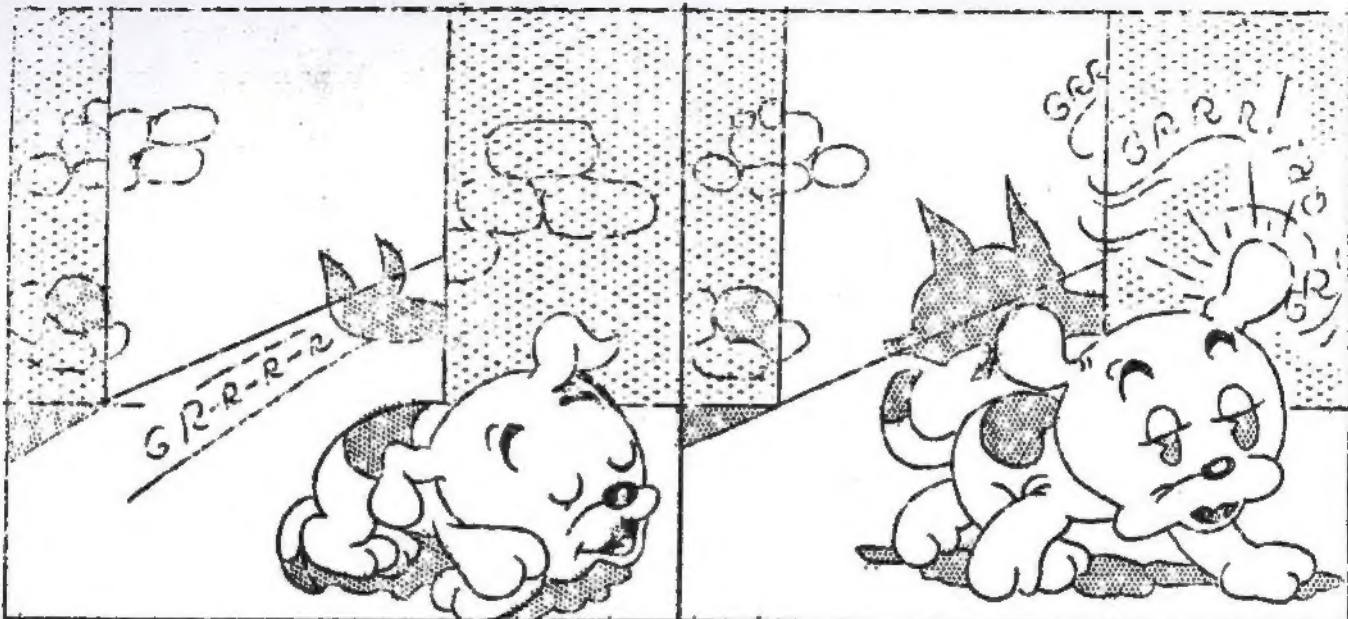
And yet I have no choice
But to ghost for her, Oh Gee!
Tho' still it isn't fair, boys,
She stole the style from me!
Edith Vernick

TO JAKE.

We have a young fellow named Jake,
Who, on Valentine's Day got a break
The card it's been said,
Was signed "Faithful Red"
Who's feminine heart did Jake wake?
Roberta Whitehead.

ANOTHER OPEN LETTER ('SPECIALLY TO EDITH VERNICK).

You say I stole my style from you,
In this you are all wrong
'Cause I was writing poetry,
Before you came along.
Sadie Klein.



Lillian
Friedman's

PREVIEWS



BETTY AND THE LITTLE KING

Animation by:

Myron Waldman
Hicks Lokey
Sam Stimson
Herman Cohen

Lillian Friedman
Frank Endres
Ted Vosk

Scenario by:

Wm. Gilmartin
Jack Ward

And now another strip cartoon character is brought to animation - Soglow's Little King, with the democratic tendencies.

The little rotund monarch is shown in this picture with his usual inclination to mingle with the common people. Bored to death in a box at the Opera, he sneaks from under the Queen's vigilant nose, through a double row of guards whose extreme upright position provides an arch for him to pass through. He skips gleefully through the streets until he arrives at a lively vaudeville house. Here he sees Betty Boop as a cowgirl, performing wild west stunts on a horse. He waddles onto the stage and joins her in her act, his awkward cumbersome figure providing many a laugh.

When the alarm goes out at the Opera House, that the King is gone, the Queen and the guards go on a search for him. Finding him in the vaudeville house, the Queen yanks him out of the atmosphere by his nose.

THE BILL POSTERS

Animation by:

Tom Johnson . Don Figlozzi
Bruce Blezard

Scenario by:

Dave Fleischer

This is another screen song relating to the adventures of our looney friend Wiffle Piffle. In this picture he's a bill poster, and the animated part of the picture is chock full of gags (the little guy is a standing gag himself and the picture is full of him). The funniest gag to my mind is the one with the hoboes leaning against a billboard sleeping. Whiffle and his assistant slap a poster on the board advertising an antique bed. The hoboes stick their heads through the paper in the spot where the pillows are, and go back to sleep apparently in bed.

The toff is the scene of the furniture store on fire. The two goofs drive in with their paraphernalia and put up a poster reading, "Fire Sale Here Tomorrow" and then drive off.



"SO YOU'RE THAT FRESH INBETWEENER,
EH? Y'KNOW WHAT, WIZE GUY, I'D LIKE TO
SEE YOU INBETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE
DEEP BLUE SEA!"

TO SADIE

Oh, Lady Klein,
Will you be mine,
And give my crudeness polish?
Forget your woes
Of Fleischer beaux,
My cheerless home embellish.
by Fred Kelly

SPELLING A LA PINK CARDS

Causiously
Buket
Origional
Loeps
Accuartly
Wraped

Scepticly
Riviting
Ballon
Ax
Disapaer
Stuffes

by Marcella Chadkin

DID YOU KNOW THAT...

By GEORGE HILL

LYNN SEYB WAS
A CATTLEMAN BE-
FORE COMING TO
N. Y.?



MARILYNN WERNER
GRACED THE
CHORUS OF A
COUPLA N. Y. SHOWS?

AND-

FORESTES CALPINI
CADDIED FOR FOUR
YEARS? —